



aphilliates

dead
 prez

dj drama + dead prez

TURN OFF THE RADIO VOLUME 4

REVOLUTIONARY BLK GANGSTA GRILZ

"born in the Struggle, built in the Streets"

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Far From Over"

[DJ Drama:]

You know I've been working so hard, I got skinny again

That means I'm still hungry

Dead Prez

Barack O Drama

[Hook:]

I know way too many people here right now listening to this mixtape like who the fuck are yall

I sware it feels like the last few years in the mainstream everyone forgot about reppin the cause

What are we doin what are we doin oh yeah what about let's get free taking care of family this is the song of my life man

Cause all I know to be is a soldier for my culture and it's far from over

[M1:]

RBG RBG Dead Prez like Lantern never fall off what the hell was yall thinking

We 10 years deep still real still eatin still middle finger to the police and still mean it

This is RBG code this is more than just a pop song if you don't know must not of been out on the block long Let me show you how to speak the language in better form I sware this life is like the realist movement ever born

Truth is like a 44 magnum in this business I'm out to go Jonathon Jackson on you bitches

Little homie you know you could catch cancer from them swishers don't get lost in that liquor till it eats up your liver

Gotta spit it how I live it I am my brothers keeper rappers integrity today is cheaper than some reefer The whole game is blunted everybody want to be a stunner, but where's the honour when the white man run it

[Hook]

[stic.man:]

Yo one thing about music when it hits you feel no pain ten years later ain't shit changed, but the players in the game

Still ahead of the pack as Drake studied my rap matter of fact I give to that,

but at least he ain't sellin no crack so I take my flow right back

Stop the beef it doesn't matter how many records they sellin cause all this bullshit they yellin gonna start a hiphop rebellion

In the real world don't have no bounaries and fears this word sound power that we put in their ears can change the world

It's bigger than diamonds in your necklace we out here doin dope toatin pistols actin

reckless in the real world you can't just act like you don't care

Cause what you gonna have when the fame and fourtune disappear

if you a rapper trapper actor finger snapper copy cater or a money gettin cracka just say it

But then if you fake snake cake claimin that you pushin weight when you ain't do I really have to say it

[Hook]

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Exhibit M"

[DJ Drama:]

I mean, we can agree that balance is necessary, right? We can agree that some of this shit done got out of control, right?

We ain't gonna take it too far left, though. We gonna stay street, stay revolutionary right here in this middle lane

[M1:]

Yo, imagine me with no imagination
No imitation. It's Exhibit M... it's my improvisation
Hope I improved on what you thought was impossible
My impersonation of myself is mythological
Emperor Imhotep—I am a saurus
I'm a monk up in the mountains, meditating in the marshes
Importing that magical forest, smoking that Mary Jane
Self-medicating myself. This world is so insane
I put my emphasis on things more important
Yo, it's M. Jordan imparting wisdom with my performance
I'm Immortal Technically speaking
Immaculately conceiving
Hit you with that Swahili greeting
I'm the one between the L and the N
Motherfuck... Oh please excuse, I get excited
I'm against the M-N-F-N system
They immobilize the marches of the movement
And imprison many people
Now they monitor the music
Making martyrs out of you and me
We ain't getting Emmy's or no Oscars or no Grammy's
It's the same old inmate to the Uno
The emblem is the panther, not a pimp
And my woman is an empress if you ever get a glimpse
My impression of a moron is an empty minded man
For an imbecile, death is imminent. Understand?
Murder one. Master knowledge, but my mama says, "Mutulu
Fuck around and get impaled. Yo, don't let the smile fool you
Leave a mark on your monument."
Fuck the X and the Y. The M gene is dominant
M-M-M-Malcolm and M-M-M-Mart-Martin

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Malcolm, Garvey, Huey"

(feat. Divine)

Malcolm Garvey Huey, study Malcolm Garvey Huey

Their life is like a movie

Study Malcolm Garvey Huey, Malcolm Garvey Huey

Malcolm Garvey Huey, their life is like a movie

I live, I die, I organize

Everything I do's revolutionize

I build what's good for the whole damn hood

Study G's like these, really think you should

I study Malcolm Garvey Huey, Malcolm Garvey Huey

Monster kody with a UZI, listening to Fela Kuti

I'm a goon with the machete, especially if it's deadly

Got the Santos for the Xe to protect me, so respect me

This is heavy legendary, revolutionary

My wifey she resurrect me when they thought they had me burried

Took me out the cemetery, now it's family over every

Cause it's always necessary to avoid the commissary

I'mma live for you five, so I stopped getting high

If you know, then you recognize, it's that Black and Brown pride

This the power of the mind, RBG, God Divine

You can see it through the lies if you can read between the lines

I live, I die, I organize

Everything I do - revolutionize

I build what's good for the whole damn hood

Study G's like these, really think you should

I study Malcolm Garvey Huey, Malcolm Garvey Huey

Malcolm Garvey Huey, Malcolm Garvey Huey

Malcolm, Garvey, Huey, Bunchy, Bobby, Pac 'n Tookie

Sitting by the door, so you can say I'm acting spooky

Just like in the movie, son, you better pack it tooley

Niggas squish be acting fruity or be cracking like they tookie

Rather smoke a doobie than be burning and alluding

Bang bang, pig shooting, we should blame Rudy Julie

Banging for the cameras, China White & nose candy

Unless you're banging on the system, you're a gangsta wearing panties

RBG my family from the Bronx to Miami

Police cannot stand me packing y'all like a manny

Call me Little Bobby Hutton, cause I'm first to push the button

Rappers don't be saying nothing to the system, we say fuck 'em

This is for Nahonda, mama see, Mama Akuwa

All the real OGs, I'm a soldier cause you told me study

Malcolm Garvey Huey, Malcolm Garvey Huey

Malcolm Garvey Huey I'm reportin' in for duty

Stic.-ie-ickie, yours truely, here for duty
Down davino, M A uno, you know how we dropped the jury
This is real not a movie, not Mickey Donald Goofy
I'm a soldier, I avoid a bitch nigga like the cooties
Screwface in a hoodie, fresh pair of khakis
We can do this like we fam or go to war like the Apaches
For whatever I stay ready, I learned that in Tallahassee
Babatunde used to school me as a juvie skipping classes
Never let the system use me, my duty is my passage
Watch the homies in your army, they don't always show their badges
Keep your family living healthy, teach your children 'bout their blackness
Teach your wifey how to use the ratchet, this shit is classic
Get your food, clothes n shelter, fuck the system pimp it backwards
I ain't hating, I'm just saying if you wanna be a rapper study Malcolm Garvey Huey

Dead Prez Lyrics

"Fear Not The Revolution"

No reason to get scared

Change is necessary

Somebody gotta' do somethin'

Who better than us?

[M1:]

Nothing to fear but fear itself

Use your experience like wealth and get rich b*tch

I know niggas that fear success

So they sabotage themself

I question their mental health

Help me understand it

I'm battling with my demons like the next man

But I expect to stand victorious, vainglorious

Head up and encourage us, like Afeni did to Pac

It can send you into shock

It can bring you to a stop

Shook stop in your tracks

Fear of our responsibility by Ho Chi Minh

If you're looking for a weakness hope you don't see me

We're so gangsta but scared of our own shadow you see

It's your reflection

And we're searching for direction but our compass is broke

Put it in your GPS and still don't know where to go

It's the heart

It's the spirit

It's the soul

Trust yourself, if it's green then go

If it's not then don't

[Hook:]

This is the revolution

This is our only solution

This is officially a takeover not a makeover

We on our way soldiers

[Stic.Man:]

Crime scene forensics, syringes

Dope fiend binges

The pain seem endless

My soul cringes

Old women asleep on park benches

It's heart wrenching

Below poverty level existence

No public assistance

They system is against us

We runaway slaves, political prisoners

They manufacture disease, create sickness
Then they rent you the cure for the symptoms
To them it's just business
We the fuel for they corporate engines
A swastika and dollar sign should be they emblem
We the have nots without a pot to piss in
Living in third world conditions
I don't wanna be a victim no more
So much stress living under pressure in the trenches
The struggle is a lifelong sentence if you listen
You can hear the wretched of the earth in the distance
Coming for our day of vengeance

[Hook]

This is the revolution
This is our only solution
This is revolutionary but gangsta grillz
This is what's really real